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*ἐνθα βουλαι μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμιλλαι
καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῖσα καὶ ἀγλαΐα.*

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HISTORY AND ITS USES.

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY, BY W. H. WHITTLESEY OF VA., '76.

Lord Bolingbroke has defined history as "philosophy teaching by example." According to Tacitus the great moral use of history is, that instances of virtue and vice may be recorded and justly estimated, in order that men may be saved from depravity in word or deed, by the dread of future infamy, and the censure of posterity. Another has said that the province of history is to establish a tribunal where princes and private men may be tried and adjudged after death with impartial justice. History has also been tersely characterized, as the light of ages, the depository of events, the faithful witness of truth, the source of good counsels and of prudence, the rule of conduct and of morals, and the great school of human nature.

The earliest historical records of mankind were in the form of ballads. These—short poetical productions, celebrating in simple and often imperfect verse some heroic or historical occurrence—were sufficient to satisfy whatever demand for poetical display existed in primitive times. Simplicity being the characteristic of those ages in regard

to public as well as private modes of life, there was no enthusiasm to inspire the composer to strains loftier than those of ballads to be sung by bards. In process of time such songs relating to the personages and events of some particular age being collected and logically compiled, gave rise to a grander form of poetry, termed epic. In this species of poetry one central figure is taken, around whom gathers all the interest of the story. He is the one who performs the most wondrous exploits, suffers the principal calamities, and ultimately attains the greatest glory. The progress of a people and the development of its character are lost sight of except as incidentally displayed in connection with the hero. As nations advanced in civilization and the relations between rulers and people became more important and complicated, chronicles of public transactions and events began to be kept for the information of posterity. Such records having no other method of arrangement than the order of time, form the basis of history proper, which should follow the order of cause and effect and omit many unimportant details.

One of the most important departments of historical composition is biography. This is the narrative of the private as well as public circumstances of the lives of conspicuous individuals. It enters minutely into the exposition of their character, the discussion of their peculiar merits or demerits, and, as the former or latter predominate, offers them as exemplars for imitation by future generations, or brands them with reprobation. History in its highest form is the logical narration of a continuous stream of human events, with reasonings and conclusions respecting their causes and effects. When the relations of the great events of history with each other are discussed, we have the philosophy of history.

There are other species of composition subordinate and auxiliary to history. Memoirs are accounts by individuals

of the incidents of their own lives, with narrations and remarks concerning the personages and affairs of their own times. The drama has also lent valuable aid to history. Many facts of Greek and Roman story are now known only through the vivid representations of the dramatists. Their writings have always been found of special interest and utility as a mirror of popular manners and customs—subjects often too much neglected in dignified history. John Randolph being challenged for his authority for a certain fact in English history, which he had asserted, replied, “Shakespeare’s historical plays,—the only English history I ever read!” Historical novels, an invention of modern times, are particularly advantageous in fixing in the memory the salient events upon which they are founded, and in giving an insight into the social characteristics of the times of which they treat. Scott is the great master of this species of delineation, though Bulwer, James and others have drawn graphic and valuable sketches in this field of literary effort. The historical novels of Mühlbach founded on contemporaneous memoirs are also deeply interesting and instructive. The newspapers and periodicals of modern times are repositories of current events, and form a basis for history far exceeding any material possessed by the ancients.

The love of historical narrations is natural to man, having its basis in love of self and in that spirit of curiosity which impels him to the pursuit of knowledge. History in some form is recognized by man in every condition of progress, while other sciences require an advanced state of civilization, and presume antecedent cultivation and philosophy. We may safely say then, with Guizot, that history was necessarily the earliest of the sciences, and that its contributions to human knowledge are the most ample and the most varied of any. It has a tongue to charm every stage of man’s life from simple and credulous youth to wise and

reflective age. The child listens with delight to the tales of its nurse, and reads with eagerness the most fabulous stories and legends. The youth of riper years enjoys more serious and credible relations of real life and action. The accounts of the patriotic deeds of the Greek, and of the invincible progress of Rome to universal sway are quickly read. The grandeur of character so marked in those subjects fills him with a desire to have lived among noble men. This, however, is soon dissipated by the many examples of evil which appear in the record of the revolting events of later ages. The chivalric actions of mediæval heroes excite the dullest to a burning ardor of generous emulation. Few there are who would not wish for opportunities such as were then given for the display of manliness and courage. A maturer age is adapted to the study of history deeper than the foregoing. From those, therefore, whose intellects are cultivated and whose minds are developed by long study we obtain our philosophical histories, and our works on the historical sciences.

Even the least cultivated races of men evince a desire of handing down to posterity the memory of their experiences and exploits, and often display great interest and much ingenuity in preserving traditions of their ancestors by oral narrations and various material devices. The small number of years which compose the life of an individual is but a brief space in comparison with the duration of the human race. The extent of the world's surface cognizable by a life's experience is but a point in relation to the great whole. Yet, without history, we should be confined within the narrow limits of the country and age in which we live, and within the small sphere of our own power of observation. We should remain always in an infancy of knowledge, strangers alike to all that has preceded us, and to far the greater part of that which surrounds us in the wide world of human activity. History opens to

our observation and scrutiny all times and all countries, and introduces us to the prominent characters—evil and good—of past ages. It thus vastly enlarges the sphere of our observation, and gives us access to stores of wisdom and knowledge otherwise unattainable.

The intellectual faculties of man are of such a nature that abstract propositions and maxims of wisdom, however truthful, are rendered clear and intelligible to the mind only by the aid of examples. Every whim, every thought, every action of man now has had some parallel in the history of the past. Of every idea entertained some example can be adduced in explanation. History is a universal science which can be appreciated by all and has instruction for all. Falsehood may often tinge the garb in which it comes to us, yet criticism will detect all false coloring and reveal the essential truth of its material substance. The good and bad among men are impartially judged and their inmost characters laid bare to the searching scrutiny of posterity. Numerous and multifarious are the principles afforded by it, and universally applicable are its examples.

Lessons and precepts prompting to the exercise of virtue carry but little weight with the reason and will, unless they are enforced by practical instances. The method of instruction adopted by our Savior is a most notable example of the recognition of this principle of human nature. Knowing that his hearers could not readily understand argumentative reasonings, he taught and swayed them by speaking to them in expressive parables, and illustrating his doctrines by examples from their daily life and experiences. History is the great repository of such needful illustrations, with the further advantage that they appeal to our reason and induce reflection. The instruction derived from them seems thus to be founded upon our own admissions and deductions, and is on this account the more readily accepted by the mind.

The school of example embraces the entire universe, and its masters are *history* and *experience*. The former prepares us for the instruction of the latter, and the one is a help-mate of the other. The lessons of history are enforced by experience, while the problems which experience suggests are solved by history. Experience alone cannot make us perfect in our parts, nor can it begin to teach until we are actually upon the stage of life. History can begin our instruction in advance, and prepares us to learn more readily the duties of life, and to avoid the errors of those who have gone before us. We are thus enabled to gain wisdom at the expense of others; whereas that which comes from our own experience is gathered at our own cost.

It is a serious defect of personal experience that it is usually of too limited extent to exhibit the results of contemporaneous events with which we are brought in contact. We obtain but partial views of things, whereby we are often led into errors of judgment and action. The actual occurrences which man is capable of observing during the longest life-time seem isolated, without logical connection, and barren of consequences, because he cannot see the links which connect them with each other, and with the past and the future. History supplies these defects of individual observation. In ancient history are presented examples which are complete in themselves, exhibiting the beginning, progress, and end of systems. In modern history the examples may be incomplete, but they often show the beginnings of events whose endings we personally know. The causes are shown, and we can see the effects. Biography is usually complete in its lessons, laying bare the actions of men from childhood to old age, and following events to their natural consequences.

A prevailing folly among men is the vanity which impels the people of one country to prefer themselves to those of every other, and to make their own customs and opinions

the universal standard of right and wrong. Nothing tends more to remove such narrow prepossessions than an early acquaintance with other nations and other times besides our own, to be found in the ample pages of history. Its clear light will dispel the illusions of partiality and prejudice, and show us our own defects as well as the merits of others. It tends to correct the many unfounded and ridiculous popular notions which grow up and are nourished by the confined and unenlightened experience of the ignorant masses of the people. At the same time history stimulates a love of country, the more active and enduring as it will be just and rational. No people have secured a fixed existence as a nation, who have not passed through trials and vicissitudes enough to develop the gifts of many great men—the highest energy of heroes and statesmen. The lives of such characters will afford examples in abundance for the instruction and veneration of successive generations of their countrymen.

History is the only mirror of truth for despotic rulers and hereditary princes. Surrounded by an atmosphere of flattery and deceit, and intoxicated with the fumes of power, they are unable to see with clearness of vision their true place in the economy of society, or to discern their responsibilities to their subjects. Their minds and hearts are clouded with mists through which the light of truth seldom finds its way to their understandings. They know not in what consists true glory, and are too apt to consider all things and all men created only for their service. When, however, history has obtained a hearing, its evident veracity and wisdom give it power to convince and serve to enlighten them in regard to their true position; and, if its instructions and warnings are heeded, may enable them to become fathers and benefactors instead of scourges of the human race. In the end, history will bring them to trial, and unbiased by partiality or prejudice will exalt or condemn them according to their deserts.

History is essential to statesmen and to all who make and administer laws. To attain the highest standard of wisdom, men called to such high responsibilities must penetrate the secret recesses of the human heart, where they can observe the hidden springs of human conduct. Only in the moral nature of man can the reason of all laws be sought and found. But there must be some storehouse into which the reasons of different actions can be garnered for preservation. This storehouse—perfect in all its appurtenances—is history. The causes which necessitated the promulgation of laws, and the lessons teaching which would be most suitable, can only be learned by a faithful study of history. Therein are laid down the legislative systems of different nations with illustrations of their results, in the advance or decline of prosperity among the people. History may be, as Everett has said, “too generally, the genealogy of princes, the field book of conquests, and the chronicles of war;” but it is the never-failing fountain of precepts and examples to teach legislators and public officers their duties. A quaint author has said, “This is the most healthful and profitable attendant of the knowledge of history; that you may contemplate the instructions of a variety of examples united in one illustrious monument, and from thence take such things as are needful to thee or to thy country, and that thou mayst wisely consider that which has an ill beginning will have an ill end, and so avoid it.” It is especially necessary to all the citizens of free republics like our own. Intelligence as well as virtue is needed in a sovereign people, to enable them to vote wisely for public servants and to judge justly of the tendency of proposed public measures. Our greatest danger lies in the ignorance of the masses, and nothing is more important to their enlightenment, than to give a due place in all our systems of elementary education to the study of history.

This study induces to acts of kindness and charity to our fellow-men; it teaches us how, with greatest propriety

and honor, to "enact our brief part on life's stage;" it inculcates a love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice. Whereas most historians color or shape their writings according to the profane events of a nation or of the world, yet there are others who make especially prominent whatever has relation to forms of worship and the progress of religion. The study of this branch of history is preëminently necessary to all professed teachers and educated believers in christianity. The proofs of our holy religion are largely historical. The old Testament is a historical record of the dealings of God with his chosen people, everywhere interwoven with moral precepts and principles illustrated by examples of conduct and action. The proof of the fulfilment of the prophecies is to be found only in history. The advent of our Saviour is a historical fact requiring proofs similar to those upon which other facts of history rest. The proof of miracles is equally historical, and must depend upon the recorded testimony of competent eye-witnesses. It is impossible for divines to refute the cavils and dispel the doubts of unbelievers entirely by abstract metaphysical reasonings. Hence sacred and collateral history ought justly to be made a subject of religious study in all our higher institutions of learning, and should receive special attention in all schools of theology. Ministers of the Gospel cannot study its pages too carefully, nor use its ample records too freely for illustration and instruction.

The initial step in studying history is to satisfy ourselves of the credibility of its narrations. Here we are taught reflection, and disciplined in discrimination and judgment. We are quickened in the perception of truth and fortified against the reception of error and falsehood. It does not, however, always give us direct canons for observance; but leaves us the pleasure of finding them by study, thus giving exercise to all the higher faculties of our minds. It is one of the first studies which should be allotted to children, for

it is equally suited to amuse and instruct them. It serves to expand their minds; to form their hearts to the ways of virtue, and to store their memories with important facts, agreeable and useful. Here it must be said that the mere memorizing of dates irrelative to the events in connection with them, and of abstract facts without knowledge of their causes or effects is of little value. Such knowledge is apt to make its possessor pedantic, and though he may be an object of admiration, yet, in reality, he knows nothing of solid worth. History excites curiosity, arouses a taste for study, and prepares the way for the pursuit of more specific forms of knowledge.

The uses of history in the education of women cannot be too strongly stated, and all that has been said is equally applicable to them. In this age of advanced civilization, and in our land of boasted freedom, instead of storing their minds with ideas and principles both entertaining and useful, they are considered sufficiently educated when they have become accomplished in the sphere of Fashion, and are taught to believe that the climax of knowledge is, to understand how best to comply with her exacting mandates. The study of history, too little insisted upon even in our schools for boys, is still more neglected in female seminaries; while the sickly sentimentality of modern fiction reigns supreme, and is regarded by the *girl of the period* as a mirror of life, and a fit substitute for more substantial knowledge. Could women be induced to apply themselves more to this study, the results would appear in the elevation of the moral character of mankind, since as mothers, wives, and companions of the rougher sex their influence is incalculable. Historical study would also afford to all people of leisure, the amplest, the most delightful and the most improving occupation for those hours of weariness which too often hang as a heavy burden upon them.

In conclusion it may be asserted that the uses of history are almost unlimited. It is a prime source of improvement

for all classes and conditions of the human family according to the degree of their capacity for appreciating its pleasures and its teachings. Its provinces are numerous and diversified; so that all varieties of taste may be gratified, all diversities of intellect interested and instructed. Every contingency of human life has had some analogy in the ample past. There is little that is absolutely new under the sun. There have been no fundamental changes in the principles of human nature since the creation of man. Diversities of country and climate produce differences no greater than lapse of time. History is a science which has its roots in the unchangeable nature of man, and can never become antiquated. It expands the grasp and capacity of the human mind, gives experience of the world almost without limit, and spreads out before the attentive student the accumulated stores of wisdom of all people in all ages. In the wide range of studies which the curiosity and intelligence of man are tempted, at the present day, to explore, no other can compare with history in its numerous and diversified forms for pleasure and profit combined.

MY PLANTS.

Aside and in an upper room,
Quite unbeknown to passers-by,
Together live my plants and I:
For them I care, for me they bloom,

And clamber o'er my window so,
That could I hear some sweet bird's tune,
'T would seem within like sunny June,
Tho' all without is bleak with snow.

I love them, for with tender care
I've seen them twine and interwine,
Yes, love them—they are truly mine,
For me they grow and blossom there.

They teach me too : they reach for light ;
And then I search myself to see,
If there by faith a light in me
Is drawing me from wrong to right.

Their blossoms shed sweet perfume round,
And even make my lonely cell
A place wherein I love to dwell ;
Do I with power like this abound ?

Where'er I am do I impart
Such lovely grace, such tokens give,
As lead my friends to look and live ?
Do I make glad some lonely heart ?

Sweet, precious plants ! No words can say
My thanks to them. Their lessons pure
Shall ever in my soul endure.
Tho' soon they fade and fall away.

T. B.

LITERARY DEGENERACY.

A glance at the popular literature of the day, shows a lamentable lack of something either in popular taste or in the literary food which satisfies it. People are tired of waiting for the Modern Novel, and while they all read and praise George Eliot, and look back with admiration on "Scott, Dickens and Company," they have given up hoping for a second Dickens, or a second Thackeray, or a second Scott, and content themselves with the ordinary vegetables which throng the literary market as substitutes for richer fruits. What means this incessant flow of books which pours ever in on the bewildered reader ? Here a series of "Railway novels," here a "Leisure Hour Series," and all kinds of "Select Works of Fiction," fill the shelves of the popular libraries and completely occupy the attention of the hungry reader. The novelists are many : the good novels are few.

The reasons for this thing must lie either in the degenerate taste of the reader, or the deficient ability of the author, or in both, the former being the cause of the latter. Matthew Arnold in one of his most finished essays dwells upon the importance of some standard by which the excellence of literature may be judged—a literary bar at which the author's production may be tried before it is brought before the world. The French Academy was once an institution of this sort; it has now fallen with the general tide of degeneracy. Such a high court of letters can rarely be successful, for the reason that the standard is arbitrary; whereas it must be based on the national taste. There are times when science and art are well represented in literature. The most eminent men in science in England are men of high literary attainments. The writers on art are many and all of them accomplished, of whom Ruskin and Hamerton are especially distinguished, but when we descend from the philosophic and æsthetic heights, to the level of the ordinary reader, we are justly surprised at the supply afforded for his literary demands. A kind of desperation seems to have taken possession of the writers in fiction. If they cannot gain attention by the force of character-painting, and true representation of human nature, which are themes beyond their skill, they will command the admiration of the public by some extraordinary manœuvre. The author of "*Red as a Rose is She*" and its sister novels does this by a mingling of British humor and pathos, with an imitation of French romance. The misses persuade the madames that the stories are "delightful" and "lovely," and the parent on the other side with his sons, hears the admiring exclamations of the better half and her offspring, till soon the whole family add their plaudits, and so the taste degenerates.

Wilkie Collins does by his plots what Charles Reade does by the vigor and vivacious treatment of his theme;

and George Eliot at least triumphs over her many monotonies by the life-like portrayals of ordinary English human nature. The reader gets used to this single note which is so often struck as to the decline of works of popular literature, he reads the names of the great novelists over in their well-known order, he reflects that they are dead, and their works read, he looks to fiction as a means of amusement only, and a kind of literary ballet soon comes to meet his taste better than the legitimate drama of the novel of some twenty years ago.

Poetry shows the same headlong progress downward. As long as Tennyson lives in England, no one can reproach her. But there is a class of minor poets giving their manuscripts every day to the printer, who put on the mask of Tennyson's metre, and array themselves in the robe of a few Tennysonian thoughts, and then write. One sometimes wonders how such poets live, how their publishers survive. Some few of the lesser English Poets of the time are worthy of being read. Take for example the classic beauty of the poems of the writer mentioned above—Mr. Arnold. They must always provoke admiration for their simple elegance and exquisite taste, but he is not generally appreciated as a poet. When we find a poet like Whittier so universally admired in our own country, the fear is awakened that American patriotism is like wool in the eyes of American taste. There must be some remedy for this degeneracy, though wherein to find it we do not feel sufficiently qualified to determine. These stray reflections may possibly suggest an answer. Is the court of public opinion to be the criterion of literary excellency, or is the author to aim above the heads of his readers and make them rise to his own level? Is the force of the theme in literary undertakings sufficient without the force of expression? Philosophy, Religion, Science and the Arts should give their choicest treasures to literature for the best modes of enunciation, and our people will breathe a purer atmosphere.

MAKE-BELIEVE.

We were sitting in the clover,
Willow trees were whispering near ;
I was make-believe her lover,
She was make-believe my dear :
And a brooklet near at hand
Rippled o'er the stones and sand.

She was just a simple maiden,
Yet the sweetest upon earth,
Brighter than the saints in Aideni,
Sparkling eyes bespoke her mirth :
And the brooklet there in sight
Gurgled on in pure delight.

Out of violets she was weaving,
Laughing on, a garland rare,
And her side a moment leaving,
I had plucked a lily fair,
Where the brooklet murmured on,
Purling still its joyous song.

Round my brow her garland weaving,
In her hair my lily blew,—
“ Isn't it fun at make-believing—
See how close I am to you ! ”
Laughing ; but a sigh I know
Mingled with the brooklet's flow.

And the garland half-unweaving,
On the brooklet's tide I threw :
“ So my violets are you treating,
Then here goes your lily too ! ”
And we watched, and side by side
They went floating down the tide.

“ See how close they stay together,
One was yours and one was mine !
Seems as they were trying whether
They could closelier entwine !
While the brooklet sings—and they
Vanish from our sight away.”

From the brooklet's tender flowing
Both our eyes at once upturned ;
Color coming, color going,
Told the story both had learned :—
In my arms upon the shore :—
And we make-believe no more.

R.

TENNYSON.

It is not my purpose to assign Mr. Tennyson his rank among poets. My endeavor shall be to set forth a few characteristics of his genius which strike me as being most prominent. Tennyson has been compared to both Shelley and Keats, although he cannot be said to imitate either. He has neither the intense idealism of Shelley nor the intoxicating fancy of Keats. He does not, like Shelley, always soar in the pure empyrean ; nor yet does he, as Keats, bend his flight too near the earth, plucking, it is true, the fairest and sweetest of flowers, but singing his song without the inspiration of the upper air. Tennyson has been compared with Wordsworth. He does not go to the philosophical depth of that poet, while he surely surpasses him in choice of themes, in ideality of conception, and in the refined and rare melody of his versification.

Tennyson rivals all other poets in that he says what he has to say in language conveying his exact meaning. He not only knows every word suited to express his idea, but he can summon at once the very one best adapted to the purpose. He combines old words into new epithets ; he daringly mingles old colors to bring out new tints not found either on the shore or in the sea. His earliest poems give indications that he was born with an ear for verbal harmony, and an appreciation for the hidden charms of words. He was quite young when he wrote "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," yet here he shows a familiar-

ity with the riches of the English language surpassed only by Shakspeare himself. As you read the "Lotos Eaters" you are so steeped with the golden languor of the poem, so overpowered with its trance-like joy, that you cannot even think of the spell that binds you.

But the most prominent characteristic of Tennyson's poetry is the melody. He is not only choice in the selection of his language, but he fits his words together so beautifully that the reader is charmed with the hidden music, which falls so gently upon the ear and then fades away into silence. This he does, not merely in one passage or poem, but passage after passage, poem after poem flits along without flagging or seeming exertion. Many of our own poets are quite as rich as Tennyson in melody, but they differ in that they make this feature supreme, while he makes it subordinate to the thought. His poems are full of music. When I read

"Where Claribel low-lieth,"—

a piece unexcelled in pure, liquid melody by anything written since the time of Milton, the most delightful sounds are heard. The poem does not mean much; it would not matter if it meant nothing. The tongue loves to utter the words, and the ear delights to hear them, so perfect is the music. But it is more than a mere melody; it shows the careful and minute study of nature, characteristic of this poet.

In his delineations of character Tennyson has not dwelt much on the portraits of men. But he has appreciated and imaged female character better than any poet since the time of Shakspeare. His women all possess the one mark, beauty. The women of his earlier writings are rather models than real human figures: while they are like women, they have not the breath of life. They are spiritual and ideal, but they lack the true requisite of beauty. His "airy fairy" Lilians dance about and flit before us with all the

grace of Puck or Ariel. If they do speak to us, their utterance is alike the inarticulate melody of birds, beautiful but meaningless.

In the later poems, written after he had gone out into the world, and with a more mature mind had observed human nature in its various phases, we find a marked improvement in his portraits. He then lives in his characters, thinks their thoughts, and expresses their desires and feelings. In the "Gardener's Daughter" and "Lady Clare" we have types of women who partake of the nature of mother Eve, pure and noble at heart and in deed.

Observe, too, how the poet always gazes face to face with the characters he portrays, and how distinctly he hears every word that falls from their lips. He does not tell us how a person was affected, but he reads from the countenance the workings within. The bride in "The Lord of Burleigh" has just heard that the landscape painter whom she loved is a great and wealthy noble. Tennyson looks and reads off the signs of her face.

"All at once the color flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin :
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again, as death did prove."

This is all. The characters in which nature wrote these feelings are set before the eyes. Does Tennyson speak of affection, he tells of the mother's eyelid quivering, and the flutter of love and doubt in the breast of the village bride. Does he speak of joy, he shows it to us as written in the calm light of a Sabbath morn, and in the flowers hiding the grass.

Although the power of melodious expression is a prominent characteristic of Tennyson, perhaps his imagination is his richest gift. By his imagination the poet shows to us the hidden beauties of nature and of the supernatural. By

this faculty he holds up for our instruction the spiritual in man, casts a halo around the memories of the past, and fills the future with bright hopes and fond anticipations. His imagination is so interwoven with his very being, that the poetry of form and idea bursts forth in lines that sing their way to our hearts with siren-like melody. We follow at his pleasure, now in the Vale of Ida surrounded by fellow-beings of kindred hopes and fears; now in a village, or wooded park of merry England, in the midst of the festivities of a May-day celebration.

Many of the poets from Homer to Byron possessed rare gifts of imagination. They tell us how things were, but not what they were. These poets deal in single strokes, bold and dashing. Their imagination casts a flash of light over a vast surface, causing every mountain peak, every valley stream, every towering crag, to gleam for a moment, but revealing no details. Tennyson's imagination is of a far higher type. He perceives the beautiful in each particular and carefully delineates. Take for instance "The Palace of Art." Observe how particularly its situation is described.

"A huge crag platform, smooth as burnished brass,
I chose. The ranged ramparts bright
From level meadow bases of deep grass
Suddenly scaled the light.
Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf
The rock rose clear, or winding stair."

He gives us a vivid picture of the palace. Its roofs gleam with gold. Its courts echo with fountains. The interior is filled with the richest, and most elaborate magnificence. In the towers are great bells, moving of themselves with silver sound. Through the painted windows stream the lights, "rose, amber, emerald, blue." Between the shining Oriels, a royal dais is placed, hung round with the paintings of wise men, and there the inmate takes her throne, to sing her songs in solitary beatitude. This poem is an

eminent example of Tennyson's extreme exactness in delineation as compared with poets who paint with a single stroke. In the latter a word, a metaphor, conveys the effect and there it ends; in the former word must find its word, and stanza its stanza. Only listen to him and he will tell you far more than that his mansions are stately, his forests rich in shade and light, his maidens fair and rosy. To him the fountains sing songs of undying love. The tender grass under his feet and the giant tree that lifts its head far towards heaven, speak of the glories of their Creator, and the lessons He would teach to men.

His imagination refuses to contemplate the cold and faultless beauty of Grecian art or grace, or to picture fairy palaces in whose golden recesses Elves dance and sing; it rather dwells with lowly truth, breathing a reverential hymn in the leafy temple of the forest.

But it is not only with the beauties of nature that Tennyson invites us to commune. He not only gives us an insight to the actual and existent nature, but he pierces through the veil of the unattained future and shadows forth the world to come. He, like Banquo, sees the coming years move before him, and fired by the inspiration of the moment, he grasps his harp and sings in prophetic strain

"Of what the world will be
When years have past away."

Perhaps his imagination produces the most effect when he weaves the past with the present, and by the force of early associations excites unwonted feelings even in the breast of the sternest. The morose, the worldly, and the toil-worn man lets fall his burden of cares, and sighs when he remembers the days of his youth so vividly suggested to him. He thinks of the old fields and woods, of the appointed place, where, in happier days, he met the one dearly loved, long since departed. He recalls the lowly cot where his sweet sleep was broken by the lark's matin song.

The thousand scenes of his childhood gather around him so clearly, that the strong man's soul is moved to tears.

We would not convey the idea that Tennyson sought only to depict the beauties of nature. We believe that he looks through nature to nature's God, and endeavors to convey to others the import of the inscriptions he sees written on grove and stream. He seeks to set forth some moral truth in his writings; not, however, in the manner of a preacher, or a moralist, for in no sense are his poems didactic. In "The Palace of Art" the poet wishes to convey to the reader something more than the picture of a magnificent palace, adorned with everything that luxury and refinement could suggest. His prime intent is to set forth a moral truth poetically embodied. He portrays a man who has secluded himself from society and dwells in a palace, there to indulge in sensuous pleasures to the fullest extent. There he lives and enjoys his solitude for a time. Suddenly his proud soul is smitten from the height of her glory with sore despair. A darkness and a pestilence pass over her, and her beautiful edifice becomes an abode of loathing. The poet would show to us the isolation of mere individual culture, and the hollowness of self worship, as contrasted with the sanctity of home-love, the joys of the household, and the blessings of Christianity. He would reiterate the truth that man cannot live nobly by himself, and that the supremacy of mere intellectual culture, ministered to by all the refinement of the world, is not so excellent as the lowly self-sacrifices of daily life. So also in the "Vision of Sin," the poet portrays the sorrows that follow a life whose youth was spent in vice and sensual indulgence.

If we add to these considerations the deep philosophical train of thought, which sometimes pervades his writings with a force and acuteness of reasoning sufficient to fit out a dissertation in metaphysics, we may have some idea of Tennyson's power as a poet. A power which owes its

effects to its being fitted for the mind in its most imaginative state.

Other poets may do for other times. If we long for the fascinations of sensuous beauty and voluptuous elegance, we shall find satisfaction in the luminous verse of Keats. When our feelings are moved and our whole frame stirred by strong passion ; when our souls are quivering and shaking with that wild turbulence of thought which demands excitement, and even terror, for its stimulus, we can read Byron and enjoy him. If we wish to have our sympathy with mankind increased, or look into the secrets of nature with holy awe, and find a solemn beauty in the meanest flower that grows, Wordsworth will go with us. But when we want something more ideal than human, when we are earnestly searching for that high type of mind which cannot be found in nature, and long for a higher beauty, then shall we appreciate the poetry of Tennyson. Then will his inspired song appease our longings and satisfy our cravings. For he, better than any other poet, can lift the veil that hides the invisible world and disclose the unutterable loveliness within.

A. P. G.

POETRY.

How full is the world of glories,
In its woods and streams ;
How full is the heart of stories,
In its wealth of dreams !

But the glories of earth have perished,
Unknown and unsought ;
And the stories that fond hearts cherished,
Have faded to naught !

R.

Voice of the Students.

[This department of the LIT. is intended to represent the opinions of the students upon current college topics, and is open for free and fair discussion to the advocates of both sides of disputed questions.—Eds.]

PRINCETON A UNIVERSITY.

In an article published in the last LIT. of the class of '74 a writer signing himself S. J., advocated the scheme of making Princeton a University, claiming in a few rhetorical sentences the practicability as well as the desirability of such a change. In the first LIT. of '75 we wrote a few lines in reply. After seven months of deliberation S. J. revives the discussion. The importance of the subject as well as its utopian character seem scarcely to demand a protracted dispute. In fact such a dispute is scarcely necessary. In our article in the July LIT. we merely called attention to the only two kinds of University recognized by intelligent society. First, a University in the English sense of the word, a "collection of colleges" as at Oxford. We showed in a few words the impossibility as well as the inexpediency of such a project. S. J., in his second article amplifies our objections to show that he did not intend such a University.

We then took up the word in its usual American signification, as a college where instruction in all the principal professions is given in addition to the elements of science and classical branches. This we tried to show was impossible in connection with Princeton. The resources of the town, in courts for the benefit of a Law-school, and in

hospitals for a Medical department, are very limited. With these exceptions Princeton has almost every qualification for a University; further than this it seems needless for her to go. In reply to this the writer seems to consider that we have misunderstood him, and defines more at length what he means by Princeton becoming a University. We quite agree with him in all his positions but one, for all these but one relate merely to an enlargement and elevation of the curriculum. But it is perhaps somewhat impracticable to put departments introductory to the various professions here. To us it seems identical with establishing professional schools here. For in the introductory departments we learn all the rudiments of the professions; when we graduate we proceed to Law and Medical schools where the facilities of office-practice, courts, or hospitals are at command. The rudiments of law might be learned here, but the law to be seen in practice would be rudimentary indeed. The little room over the fire-engine is not quite equal to the New York or Boston Law courts, and, *mutatis mutandis*, the same may be said with regard to medicine. The general rudiments of law necessary, are already taught here; Ethics which is at the very foundation of the science, and International Law which gives an idea of the relations of nations. If it be argued that these professional departments be moved to another place, the departments cease to be identified with the college except in the eye of the law.

With S. J., we deprecate the low standard of American Colleges, and would fain see a freer elective course to allow the student to specialize his efforts. But however high the standard be raised, we see no necessity for dignifying Princeton with a term which has become almost synonymous with high-school from its abuse, and which if wrongly applied to our Alma Mater would perhaps place her in a false light before the world.

With regard to certain statements made by the writer of the article in the last LIT., we would simply say that we

never stigmatized the project advocated, by such a term as "ruinous transformation," nor did we oppose the addition of Scientific institutions to Princeton College. After referring to our "unreasonable dogmatism" the writer argues thus. We condense his language.

The learned professions should be included, for these reasons: "because they would be most desirable adjuncts," "they are being established in almost every institution in our land." They should be established at Princeton because expediency and conveniency dictate that the location of such institutions should be near some college. S. J., it will be observed, fails to meet the points at issue. Is such a location expedient or convenient at Princeton? We believe we have already shown that it is not. Can it be shown that it is?

Thus the whole question reduces itself to this. S. J., as he acknowledges, could not think of a better word with which to specify an enlarged college curriculum than University, and advocates it accordingly. We showed that a University in its accepted signification was a profitless project in connection with a place like Princeton. He writes once more and says that he did not mean a University in either of the senses in which we employed the term. The consequence is that he places himself in a dilemma. Either he did mean a University in one of the two senses in which we used it, or he did not. If he did, his position is not supported against the objections we have made, if he did not mean it he convicts himself of an error in the use of language.

Our dogmatism therefore consists merely in defining the word University in conformity with the recognized usage of educated society, and refusing to apply the word to an institution where the general branches of science and literature are taught and which does not include every branch of science and art in its curriculum.

J. S.

INTER-HALL DEBATES.--A REPLY.

In the November issue of the LIT., I took occasion to criticize an article entitled *Whig vs. Clio* that appeared in the Magazine of April last in which the writer hinted at the desirability of Inter-Hall extempore debating contests.

The arguments used in the latter production, if such they may be called, are more noticeable for their endeavor to convince the reader of the writer's superior literary ability and preëminent oratorical and debating qualities—especially the latter—than for any connection they had with the subject at issue. And it is impossible to read the production without being struck with the writer's insincerity and the belief that it was penned to satisfy personal pique. The editors of the Jan. LIT., however dissent from my position; and deliver themselves of an editorial noticeable principally for the excessively complimentary manner with which it treats me. I feel highly complimented to think that my remarks should have been considered of sufficient importance to be commented upon in this department of the magazine; but fail to see that the position of the *extempore* enthusiast has been made at all tenable by the ignorance shown of Archbishop Whateley's *Logic*. I did not quote from this work as is stated; indeed *there is not a syllable in it upon debating*.

I am told too that the opinion of Archbishop Whately which was quoted is "apposite," and further on that it does not appear to "have any very direct application" to the subject of which it treats. Really, I do not understand this. How a thing can be "apposite," and then have no "very direct application" to the debating question to which it refers, is beyond comprehension.

As to the familiarity exhibited with the debates of the English Parliament or the American Congress, I know nothing, but suppose from certain insinuations made that I

had not read the dusty volumes containing the authentic reports of these two parliamentary bodies. It is true that I have not examined them as indifferently as my censors. They are obliged to fall back upon the opinion of Lord Macaulay, notwithstanding their assumed superior knowledge, to sustain their assertion that it is not by "accuracy or profundity" that men become masters of great assemblies. And still the names of such men as Peel, Burke, Canning, Curran, Grattan, Webster, Hayne, Calhoun and Sumner prove beyond all cavil that these were eminently their characteristics; and if I have correctly read their lives, not one of them found any difficulty in managing great assemblies. But I have already given this editorial more attention than it deserves; and shall be glad to resume the discussion with the gentleman to whom my first article was addressed.

O TEMPORA !

For rendering labor of any kind really effective, more than mere industry is necessary. Work must be systematic, and on the excellence of the system depends the productiveness of the work. A blacksmith may possess the energy of Hercules, but if he exert it during alternate hours, what can he accomplish? His fire cools in the intervals, and it takes precious time to rekindle it. In the distribution of our hours of study and recitation there exists this very defect; they are continually interrupted. We return to our rooms, but our former enthusiasm has cooled, and its fervency can not at once be restored. The typical manner of spending our morning and afternoon study hours is something like this. We have a certain interval before us, we read for some time; then just when we are most interested there comes "like the raven o'er the infected house," the

accursed recollection of that approaching exercise. From that time application becomes an empty name. What with looking at the clock to see if we can finish the page, and feverish hurry in order to do so, there is a half chapter which will require re-perusal, if we desire to derive profit. Thus our days go for little, and night becomes the season of our best study.

To a thinking person this must appear the defective arrangement that it is, and its remedy is equally apparent. The only way to render day study profitable is to have all recitations, &c., over by noon, so that an uninterrupted afternoon may remain for work. This plan is pursued in many colleges, and is found to operate successfully.

Of course the objection will occur to the minds of the faculty that this leisure will be abused. This may happen in some cases, but not, I am sure, in most. At any rate the system of a college should not be adapted solely to the supposed needs of idlers. When those in power can overcome the notion that men come to college to loaf, we may hope to see the provisions made upon that assumption done away. Our times are in their hands—it is to be hoped that they will some day see the evil of the present arrangement—and provide the better.

C.

Editorial.

THE SUBJECT of behavior in the class room is one which is continually brought before us either personally or by the remarks of men of the lower classes. There is a looseness of opinion about the matter which to us seems worthy of deprecation. Men look upon acts of impoliteness or rudeness, not to use harsher terms, in the class room, as hardly in the category of improprieties. To us however they seem to indicate a lack of good breeding which no gentleman should be willing to show, or to put it on a yet higher ground, to be breaches of duty for which no conscientious man can offer a sufficient excuse. We suppose we look at it in too strong a light. For many whom we respect for their gentlemanly bearing and courtesy, and who are distinguished for their scrupulousness of conscience, participate in, or countenance, at least, class room disturbances. And so we are perhaps wrong in the way we look upon them. However, it is impossible for us to explain on any hypothesis, how it can be a gentlemanly trait to enter a lecture room, where the instructor has as much right to expect courteous treatment as in his own parlor at home, and spend the entire hour in rustling a newspaper or loud whispering, not to say whistling or caterwauling, much to the annoyance and embarrassment of the lecturer. Gentlemen who indulge in such a course can undoubtedly reconcile it with their code of honor. All we say is that we cannot. What makes it yet more diffi-

cult to explain is, that they gratify their propensities in the rooms of professors for whom they entertain the deepest regard and respect, and whose instruction they most highly value. It seems to us that professors have a moral right to respectful attention, and that consequently it is the students' duty to yield this.

But again, in our way of looking at the question, it is not only an offense against the ethical rights of the professors for students to create confusion in the lecture room, but it is also a gross injustice to their fellow students. The men who are guilty of such misdemeanor are always in the minority, and though they care nothing whatever for the instruction that is offered—in which case they were better away altogether—they ought to reflect that the majority are interested in the subject, and are intent upon listening. The few have no moral right so to conduct themselves as to interfere with the advantage and profit of the many. That seems to be the common-sense view of it. However, there may be some other way of regarding it, that makes it all right and just. We plead ignorance if there be.

The causes of this evil are many. Without attempting an exhaustive analysis we desire to call attention to the most obvious. Men fail to realize the position in which they place themselves, that of discourtesy to their instructors and annoyance to their fellows. They entertain false notions as to the ethics of the class room. They seem to forget that they have left the high school where childish pranks are expected and provided against by healthful birches. An odor of boyishness still clings to them. They assume an air of injured dignity, to be sure, when they are addressed by such an opprobrious title as *boys*, yet in fact they have failed to "put away childish things." What wonder that those who join the coltishness of adolescence with the patronizing air of downy manhood, should see no harm in persecuting with boyish

pertinacity their professors, confusing at the same time their classmates? They *cannot* see that it is wrong. It looks *smart* to them. And so they break into uproar. They are encouraged in this course by a fellow-feeling that pervades the class—a sort of false *esprit de corps*—which induces men against their better judgment, to sanction openly or tacitly whatever *our class* does, or any of its members. Even the professors abet the evil—and in more ways than one. If the professor be a bore—and this he may be unconsciously—the thoughtless student—and sometimes those who are not so thoughtless—is pretty sure to be a boor. Then, too, professors who even tolerate disorder add fuel to the flame. Men acquire habits of inattention and confusion in such a room which cling to them in others.

But these are secondary causes. The great source of the mischief lies in the system itself. We are not treated like men. A more elaborate system of leading-strings than that which we remember in our old nursery days, hampers and irritates us. Our incomings and outgoings, our uprisings and downsitings, seem to be matters of the most pregnant interest and momentous importance to those whose business it is to *teach*. The petty surveillance which irked the old Adam—or something just as bad, if you believe in Darwin—in us at the high school, the college retains in great part, and insists upon with a persistency and enthusiasm worthy a better object. Where such a system is in vogue there will be “kicking against the pricks,” we believe, however “hard” it may be. Men will assert their freedom, and some whom we have already characterized, will not be particularly scrupulous as to how, or where, or when.

Let us not be understood as urging these considerations as an excuse for class room disturbances. We repeat that we are unable to find any adequate excuse for it. But in correcting a disorder, the first thing always is, to discover the sources of the malady. This we have endeavored to do in

our brief analysis. We believe that if men could be brought to a clear conception of the position they assume in doing anything calculated to produce confusion in the class room, they would strive to amend their habits in this particular; and just as firmly we believe that if less of the grammar-school spirit animated our laws and regulations, if students were thrown more upon their honor as men, and all spirit of antagonism were done away with between faculty and students, occasions for insubordination would be lessened, and the petty annoyances of the class room would soon cease.

AN ARTICLE appeared in the Voice of the Students of the February number upon the management of the LIT., which we wish to add the weight of our experience in recommending to the careful consideration of those upon whom so soon the management of this periodical will devolve. We think about the most unsatisfactory way to all concerned of conducting a magazine is that which has hitherto been pursued in connection with this publication. The LIT. board, as at present constituted, is a board in no proper sense. Each pair of editors is free to do its own sweet pleasure—unadvised and unassisted by the rest. The inevitable result is obvious. No general plan or policy can be matured or consistently followed. It has been impossible to develop the department of the Alumni, including personals; whereas if this could be given to one energetic man, with the assistance and encouragement of the rest of the board, for an entire year, he would be able to devise and put into operation some plan by which information could be obtained concerning our graduates—a thing which with our utter lack of system it is quite impossible to accomplish.

We think however that it would be retrogressive to lessen the number of issues by two. So long as we are

allowed to have no paper, the *LIT.* must combine the characteristics of both newspaper and magazine, and ought to appear at least every month throughout the college year.

It would be well, it seems to us, if both the upper classes should be interested in editing the *LIT.*, or if this does not appear feasible, if the magazine should be handed over to the Juniors the middle of the second term. The duties of the Seniors for the last few months of their course are so arduous, that the additional burden of editing is too much to ask of them. The latter is the course pursued by very many of the college publications, and will we think commend itself to all who pay careful attention to the matter. It is time that '76 were coming to some decision as to its policy. It is high time that editors were elected.

IN THE EXACTING and laborious routine of the college course, there is an occasional exercise valuable not so much as an intellectual gymnastic, as for its tendency to develop and enlarge the whole moral nature of those engaged therein. Such an exercise, besides affording a much needed relaxation from intellectual overstrain, besides imparting a spice of novelty to our otherwise unseasoned mental pabulum, serves a higher purpose in its elevating and refining influence.

During the drudgery incident to the first two years of the course such relaxation cannot but be accompanied by the most gratifying results. For ourselves we can say that there is but one exercise to which we look back with any degree of kind regret, and that is the Bible recitations. None but those who have had the experience can appreciate the feeling of relief with which we hailed the day in which this recitation put a fitting period to a week of uninterrupted grind. True to our ancestral instincts we celebrated that day as Good Friday.

As a mere diversion, these Bible exercises were and are a precious boon. But it is scarcely supposable that this was intended to be their sole advantage. Nothing could have been further from the intention of those who instituted them than that they should serve simply as an occasional entertainment.

Certainly the lectures delivered by the President are capable of being turned to a much higher use. By them unsurpassed facilities have been afforded for acquiring a comprehensive knowledge of the historical portions of the Scriptures. As historical expositions and as doctrinal teachings, they have been invaluable. They have served to show the unity which pervades the whole word. In them the different parts have been so compared and explained as to show that contradictions and inconsistencies are only apparent. They have, doubtless been influential in resolving intellectual doubts, clearing up perplexities, banishing darkness.

Notwithstanding these beneficial aims and results, as an educational force in developing the spiritual susceptibilities they are far, very far, from being efficacious. Their inefficiency, however, arises not from any fault in themselves but from the restrictions and limitations placed upon them—the restrictions and limitations of grade. Whatever advantages the grading system may have in other branches, in this one it is eminently disadvantageous. For as this study is entirely unlike others in the curriculum, so men should come to it from entirely different motives and under other and higher incentives. There is nothing so perilous to a man's moral nature as a forced study of Scriptural truth, nothing so likely to excite dislike as compulsory attention to that which should be a matter of choice. The considerations employed to induce us to turn our thoughts to spiritual truths are altogether wrong, if not ignoble. Our study is prompted not by love for the truth but by prudential regard for grade.

The whole exercise from beginning to end, is slavish obedience to a most unworthy incentive. On the Sabbath, a day not to be desecrated by secular employments, we take notes because our grade will suffer if we fail to do so. We poll the lecture as we would any other upon a scientific or philosophical subject, but with this obvious disadvantage, that in this branch something more than intellectual insight is required; and that something is just what it is morally impossible for many to have, viz., an experimental knowledge, a spiritual apprehension. Without them it is often impossible creditably to stand the searching examination to which we are subjected. For just as we were told last year that in our study of mental science, something more than a memorized account of the various topics would be required, so here, mere form of words will not avail. We must be able to take in their import.

It not unfrequently occurs that those who stand among the highest in their secular studies are radically deficient in the branch under consideration. They often fail to comprehend that which to a man intellectually their inferior, is perfectly plain. They feel no little mortification on account of their stupidity. Occasionally they are remanded to their seats with a reproof, which, upon other occasions, would have been well deserved. How can these men preserve a right attitude towards that which is to them the cause (innocent though it be) if so much chagrin? They can not but be embittered towards that which they should be taught most highly to esteem. Add to this the reflection that owing to a moral inability to comprehend these truths, they must suffer to some extent in their standing, and it will not be surprising if they look upon the Bible exercises as an unjust exaction.

If it be intended to make the Bible a text book of philosophy or of science, then, by all means, grade. But if it is to be made an elevating and spiritualizing power then

remove from it all the *machinery* which will, in any way, hamper its action. To invade the sacred precincts of a man's conscience, to attempt to test his spiritual exercises and experiences by the empiricism of grade, are contrary to what experience declares to be proper and our moral sense to be right.

THE PAST FEW years have been characterized by a growing tendency to encourage rational amusements. When the present senior class entered college, there was no Lecture Association; no Glee Club. The beneficial effects accompanying the formation of these, are patent to every unprejudiced observer. Amusements of doubtful propriety are much less popular now than then. We believe that by giving that which is innocent fair sway, it will root out that which is evil.

We feel, then, like advocating the formation of a Theatrical Association in college. While the objections to such an Association are few and easily obviated, the arguments in favor of it are many and weighty. Theatrical exhibitions would impart a grateful variety to our college life. They would necessitate and secure high vocal culture: they would refine our literary tastes and thereby give fresh impulse to literary research and effort. The desirability of the proposed Association, few will question. Is it practicable? Can the college furnish material available for such an organization and talent capable of representing it? A slight acquaintance with the students would readily furnish an answer to this inquiry.

Who will take the initiatory step? Time will show.

Olla-podrida.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT.—The largest and most brilliant audience of the season gathered in the Second church, Tuesday evening, March 2nd, to listen to the singing of the Glee Club, under the auspices of the Students' Lecture Association. If any had misgivings as to the success of the entertainment, they were quickly dispelled. Every body felt when the first note was heard that the club were prepared to do, and do well, what they proposed. Nor was there cause to change this opinion. Every effort evinced thorough preparation and careful training, while many showed real talent. There was not a jar in the whole evening's delight, and judging by the happy countenances the concert was deeply enjoyed and highly appreciated by all.

Such general excellence flowed through all that we find it difficult to particularize performances for special comment. The first glee of the second part, the Waltz, was we think the finest effort of the evening. The quartettes were happily chosen and charmingly rendered. Mr. Allen and Mr. Fleming, both of the Senior class, deserve especial mention for their delightful solos and duet, and also for their part in all the other performances. It is difficult to imagine what the Glee Club would do without such competent leaders. The club were encored several times. By this means some songs not on the programme were elicited. The peculiar rendition of John Brown was received with enthusiastic applause, but the inimitable Fresh-roasted-California-peanut song provoked most merriment. Mr. Henderson, the pianist, filled up the intermission with an instrumental piece. His playing was good, but the instrument was not the best toned we ever listened to.

As compared with the concert last year much improvement was noticeable, thanks to their energetic leaders and continuous practice. The college is to be congratulated on the possession of such a club. We doubt if any college in the land can show a finer.

The business manager of the club, Mr. Harvey, (we should like to know what concern in college can prosper financially without the spirit of our genial LIT. treasurer to animate it,) informs us that the club will go on a

short tour this vacation. They will sing in Orange, the 14th, in Brooklyn, at the Athenæum the 15th, and in New York, at Association Hall the 16th. The Club had anticipated making a more extended trip, but it is impossible for Mr. Yourt to be with them longer than the three days; and they cannot do without this gentleman's deep bass. Full houses, no doubt, will greet them.

THE LECTURES OF MR. VINTON.—As announced in our last number Mr. Vinton kindly consented to repeat to the Students his lectures on early American history.

The first lecture, that on the Stamp act, was given the evening of Feb. 25th. On account of the inclemency of the weather not so many were present as we should otherwise have expected. The audience however was quite large. The lecture was very excellent. Mr. Vinton reviewed the condition of the colonies previously to the act—the relations which they sustained to the mother country, their freedom from taxation and the reasons—and then gave an interesting account of the act itself, and the enthusiastic (?) way it was received in this country. His description of the means the colonists employed to induce the stamp commissioners to resign their office, "of their own free will and without mental reservation," was very entertaining. He showed to the audience a facsimile of the stamps—ugly enough, to be sure. No wonder our forefathers did not want such things on their marriage licenses! The old stamps, the lecturer stated, after the repeal of the act, were transported back to England, and are still to be seen bagged up in the Treasurer's office at London.

The second lecture was given March 11th. The attendance was very small owing to a misunderstanding as to the time. The lecture was if anything more interesting than the first. The stirring times which followed the repeal of the stamp act and the passage of the tax bill were carefully reviewed. A worthy tribute was paid to grand old Samuel Adams. The sturdy patriotism of our fathers in refusing to consume British wares that were taxed, was dwelt upon. The affray between the Regulars and the citizens of Boston, the emptying of the tea into Boston harbor, the hardships which followed the Boston Port Bill, when the stalworth endurance of the Bostonians, and the heroic self-denial and generosity of their compatriots, shone on with undimmed lustre, were recounted in eloquent language. The students of Princeton were patriotic too in those days. They burned by the common hangman the circular letter, sent out from New York. It is to be hoped that more will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing Mr. Vinton. They cannot afford to lose his instructive and entertaining lectures.

It is perhaps premature to begin to estimate the effects of the late war upon the literature of our country. Whatever may be said of the quality, certainly the quantity of that literature speaks for itself.

A collection of all the works pertaining to the great conflict has recently been presented to the College Library. Among these works we notice a very

modest, unpretending volume written by an army chaplain and entitled *History of the First New Jersey Cavalry*.

It must be evident to every one that with such a subject even the most indifferent of writers must appear to advantage; it is none the less evident that the most gifted would have ample opportunity for the utmost exercise of his powers. For who ever succeeded in exhausting the good points of a Jerseyman's character? Of course in such an aggregate of Jerseymen, to do so would be impossible. We are not surprised, then, that with many excellencies the author should have but partial success. He has, indeed, entered upon his work with commendable enthusiasm and with a just appreciation of its transcendent importance. He has, moreover, exhibited no inconsiderable literary ability; still further, the value of the book has been enhanced by marginal notes inserted by some one who had evidently "been there;" notwithstanding all this intrinsic and acquired worth, the work has fallen short of its mission. The author has failed to do his subject justice.

In order that our readers may judge for themselves we cull a few paragraphs:

"Kargè set to work to make soldiers of the officers and men. Wherever there was anything to be done either he (or the major) was to be seen, ready to pour forth vials of wrath upon the heads of the delinquent. Officers grumbled and soldiers swore, but still the routine was inexorably carried out."

"Colonel Kargè, who had for the past two days been suffering from the symptoms of bilious fever, and had only been kept in the saddle by the strength of his will, now turned over the command to Major Beaumont and retired. Now and then a few shells thrown more rapidly than usual would bring him upon the field, &c. * * * There he sat looking at our steady behavior though his eyes were dim with fever and his frame reeled with weakness in his saddle; and not until the regiment was withdrawn to its second position could he be persuaded to retire from the field."

"Kargè emptied the chambers of his revolver into their ranks, and then, throwing the weapon at their heads, dashed among them with saber, followed by the men around him."

"Kargè with his adjutant, Penn Gaskell, charged unsupported upon a party of fifteen, and drove them before him."

The following anecdote forcibly reminds us of a scene in the recitation room when we unhappily gave the pronunciation, *café* to *café*:

A green corporal on picket duty had ordered his men to shoot some pigs which happened to approach the lines. "There was mounting in hot haste" all through the camp but no enemy could be found: the corporal awakened to the impropriety of the act begged to be brought before the Colonel in order that he might "fess and be forgiven;" "but no fancy can approach the reality of the Lieutenant-Colonel's wrath. All the rich stores of a vocabulary acquired in the Prussian Life Guards were exhausted without

apparent relief to his feelings; and then, almost suffocated with indignation, he took refuge in a fearful silence, accompanied by a tremulous motion of the right boot. The unhappy corporal fled in time to avoid the threatened danger, and as his coat tails were shrouded by the night the roar of the surrounding officers relaxed the visage of the infuriated commander. A gentle melancholy took its place and he was heard to murmur, the scoundrel did not even bring the pigs as an atonement."

In our college course we have had no lectures more interesting and, withal, more instructive than those of Professor Martin's on English Literature. The Professor has the rare knack of uniting wisdom with wit, instruction with entertainment. "*quo tam quam sale perspergatur omnis ratio.*"

He himself, to some extent, exemplifies the characteristics of the great poet-preacher of the sixteenth century, both in the minuteness with which he treats his subjects and the poetic beauty with which he invests them. We almost begrudge our New York friends their accomplished instructor.

We don't want to be unreasonable in our demands, so we consent to wait until Princeton College is fairly established, is an assured success, before we agitate the subject of a new bell. The present one appears to have mistaken its mission, certainly it does not know its place. We apprehend that it would serve admirably to 'monish the agrestic toiler of the approach of the noon-day repast or to guide the rustic plough-boy in his search for the lowing kine, but to suppose that it is suited to awaken college youth from their matutinal slumbers is demonstrably absurd. Our zeal for morning chapel leads us to hope that means many be adopted to apprise all when the time for its exercises draws nigh.

NO LIGHT MATTER.—Our city (*grand* fathers have recently set an example of retrenchment which is worthy to make our place imitated by the general public. We call the attention of our state and national officials to the policy which has been adopted here. Instead of adding to the tax-bill they would then reduce the expense of the governmental machinery by throwing overboard some such unnecessary things as the army or harbor-improvement budget. Let them look at our worthy Burgomasters in council and learn of them.

For the last few weeks we have been left in the blackness of darkness at night. No more the cheery light of our distant gas or oil lamps shines into the night. The lamp-posts have been decapitated and stand blank and bare at the street corners, only fit for the secondary use of leaning against when one is tired. When night's candles are snuffed out by the gloomy clouds, and Luna is reduced to a skeleton, or off on business to some other part of the globe, then it is pleasant to walk our crowded streets, running into one man, stumbling against another, jostled by a third, and mentally recalling certain "familiar quotations not strictly orthodox" as a fourth step on your toes.

Now and then some more prudent burgher is seen emerging with slow deliberation from his ancient domicile, bearing in his hand an ancient lantern, dim with cobwebs, which has been rescued for the present necessities from the precincts dread of the old garret. With what looks of grateful greeting the passers-by meet him, and fall patiently behind his plodding footsteps.

All the ruts and loose bricks in the pavement are known, or knowing, to us by the sense of feeling. Our feet have investigated them with painful precision; and when kneeling down—gently of course—to study more carefully the composition of the walk, and throwing about us wildly for language sufficient to express the profundity of our feelings, it adds inexpressibly to the subtle suggestiveness of the situation, to see a little before us looming into the gloom of the night a headless lamp post. We are just too full for utterance!

And then what doth the Freshman do when horn in mouth he takes his evening stroll? What is there for him to throw his spiteful stones at? He looks around with mournful inquiry to find some lamp post on which to wreak his boyish overflow of animal spirits. But what blank disappointment awaits him. The post to be sure is there—"simply that and nothing more."

O ye guardians of our Borough's welfare, ye fathers of the common-wealth, or common poverty, ye upholders of our city's charter, we implore ye by the falls we have had, by the toes we have stubbed, by the blank darkness of our night rambles, by the importunate imprecations of the verdant Freshman, that ye will dispel the gloom which hovers over us nightly. Open your gas reservoirs (in the literal sense) and let us have light. If the finances of this populous community are at so low an ebb that this cannot be, then in the name of—humanity, show your patriotism by becoming at the same time useful and ornamental to the community you are elected to (mis)represent, by seizing each man a burning torch and stationing yourselves at convenient street corners throughout the town. What a sensation you might create! And again we say: let us have light!

SHAKSPERE AND JOE.—Shakspeare, not he of Avon, but our Princeton admirer of the great bard, who when in his element, (or his element is in him,) can quote the mighty dramatist by the yard, met the other day while the fit was on him, our other character, Joe, famous when in good *spirits* for his lucubrations upon the constitution. What a chance for Shakspeare to relieve himself of his pent-up emotions, by opening the flood-gates of his memory, and pouring forth upon the unsuspecting Joe the grand old utterances of the poet! But Joe was quite as emphatically impressed with the splendid opportunity which the occasion offered of performing the duty which nature has placed upon him, viz., inculcating correct notions as to constitutional privileges and rights. Stretching forth his arm with a majestic gesture, and assuming a look of superiority mingled with pity for the ignorance of the audience he addressed, Joe began: "Fellow citizens! Patriots of America!

Ladies and gentlemen! Behold that boat! It is the ship of state!"—

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!"—

But Joe had no ears for him; without noticing the interruption he proceeded:
"The glorious ship of state! See how she rides the troubled waves of party-strife. See how she sails"—

"Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the time of flutes kept stroke."—

Joe still oblivious of interference continued: "sails in triumph through the bloody waves of civil commotion and fratricidal carnage. The thunders may crash, and the lightning play its wildest"—

"When shall we two meet again
In thunder, lightning or in rain?"—

Joe entirely undisturbed: "but the ship of state goes on in safety, for she stands upon the constitution—that bulwark of civil liberty, that defense of freedom"—

"And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!"—

Joe began to show some signs of confusion and irritation, but with one giant effort he threw it off, recovered his equanimity, and raising himself to his full height, standing stern as a Stoic, with an impressive gesture he finished his sentence: "that foundation of the commonwealth. It is this constitution which protects our lives, which guarantees our rights, which guards our treasures, and he who would not pour out his best heart's blood in defence of this glorious charter is a coward, a villain"—

"Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard?"—

Joe looking straight at his audience, and scorning to be annoyed at the deep bass of his unuttered interruptions, said with a flourish; "who merits unmitigated punishment and contempt. It is this constitution which I have the honor of unfolding to you, that you may know its workings and its principles, that the full grandeur"—

Shakspeare seeing the utter futility of attempting to attract Joe's attention by the cue he offered, determined to concentrate his energies in one mighty, independent effort; and throwing pathos and terror into his tones he cried in a startling voice:

"My Lord, the Duke of Buckingham is in the field!"

The effect was instantaneous. The grandeur of the constitution was forgotten. Joe was brought back to sublunary things. He thought of the terrible consequences which might result from the Duke of Buckingham's being about loose in the field. He racked his brain for an expedient. A

bright idea dawned upon him. He turned to Shakspeare who was regarding him inquiringly, and said: "Why don't you let down the bars and let him out, you fool!"

Shakspeare turned upon his heel indignantly growling:

"Fye upon't! oh fye!"

And Joe left to himself complacently continued his unending oration.

It was with more than ordinary pleasure that we listened to Professor Macloskie's first sermon before the students. The Doctor's theme was substantially—Union of the believer with Christ; and we have not often heard from the Chapel stage a more earnest, unaffected and pointed address. The speaker showed a ready command of vigorous English and manifested such an interest in his subject and his hearers that they, in turn, could not but be interested in it and him. We congratulate the Faculty upon such an accession to their ministerial force.

Calisthenic exercises have been introduced and are received with constantly increasing favor. We hail their introduction as great good, not only on account of their own undoubted merit, but because all who desire may engage in them. Heretofore the benefits of the gymnasium have been confined to a comparatively few who had some proficiency in the gymnastic art; the awkward and the weak men being unwilling to put themselves on exhibition. But now all may take part without that undefined feeling of obtrusiveness which the uninitiated are apt to experience. We think that if certain prominent men who are now decrying physical culture knew how popular it is becoming at staid old Princeton, they would not feel particularly encouraged to continue their efforts.

It is noteworthy that those who are severest in their strictures on boating and other sports are themselves physically unable to appreciate the benefits of work. They are the fossils of an obsolete system of education and cannot be expected to sympathize with the exhilaration of health and strength. It is strange upon what grounds they base their objections. One lately stigmatized games as "seeds of unrighteousness." Another, (Dr. Loring,) thinks the gymnasium injurious to health. He wants the collegians to walk out in the open air and expand their lungs with that elastic fluid. It may do very well for Dr. Loring, but how long could our "babes" thrive on such employment?

Just now our own gymnasium needs but one thing to make its appliances well nigh perfect, and that is a health lift.

COLLEGE TAXATION.—It is a well-known fact institutions of learning are free from taxation the world over. The borough in which our college is situated, however, being small, it has seemed no more than right to the college authorities for some time past that they should pay something into the treasury of the municipality, for the sake of having the streets lighted and a police force maintained. This they did cheerfully and of their own free will.

In 1873 a new charter was granted to our borough by the Legislature, the 47th section of which seemed to confer the right of taxing for municipal purposes all property real and personal within the corporation. At the time the charter was passed, however, no one supposed that this article included property exempted by the general law. But such is its phraseology, that the interpretation already given is admissible. And this year our common council determined to put it into execution—in part, at least. The awful responsibility which had been placed upon their shoulders of maintaining the laws, they felt could not be lightly shifted. How consistent they were, the sequel will show. If the article referred to confers the power of taxing any property exempted by the general law, then it includes all, for no specifications are made. But the officers of the borough instead of placing a tax upon all such property, as the charter demanded, according to their interpretation, selected only the college; assessed all its real and personal property, securities, endowments, and the like at an exorbitant valuation, and demanded a tax of something over two thousand dollars. "Consistency's a jewel," the old poet says; but our city fathers evidently make no pretension to its possession. While contending that they were performing their sworn duty in taxing the college, they lightly violated their oath in not carrying the law to its full, by neglecting to tax the churches, cemeteries, school houses, etc., within the city limits. Such a course shows too plainly that the proposed taxation was not actuated by any high ambition to see the law administered, but rather by an ignorant and prejudiced animosity against the college—a ring movement for the sake of petty political capital.

It was not to be expected that the friends of the college would stand by and see two thousand dollars taken from its coffers, with the prospect of no one knows how much being demanded in years to come, without making an effort to avert the "monstrous injustice," and secure the college against further municipal depredations. As the speediest and most satisfactory way to accomplish this, they accepted the interpretation which the council had been pleased to place upon the article, and framed an amendment to the charter, which briefly declared that the borough should have no power to tax property exempted by the general law of the State.

The snobs were alarmed. Their pretty little scheme began to show signs of weakness, and March 5th posters were blazoned about the streets, signed by "many citizens," inviting the citizens of the borough to meet at Cook's Hall, Saturday evening, March 6th, to discuss the proposed amendment. The evening came, and a large concourse, filling the Hall to overflowing gathered at the appointed hour. Not only snobs but respectable citizens, including members of the faculty of both college and seminary and a large number of students, were present. Mr. Wright was called to the chair. The question was then thrown open to discussion. President McCosh gave a clear and concise statement of the position of the college. The effect such taxation as was proposed would have upon its future welfare, and the "flag-

rant injustice" of taxing the gifts of men which had been bestowed upon the belief that they were to be free from taxation. Father Moran the Catholic priest followed with some very pertinent remarks; showing the dependence of the town for its very existence upon the college, and branding the recent action of the powers that be as "great injustice." Dr. Schanck was the next speaker; and a powerful speech he made too. He wished the authorities to explain why it was they had seized upon the college alone, and allowed all the other institutions to remain untaxed as formerly. The authorities withered as the inconsistency of their course was analysed, as if with blow-pipe and test-liquids, before all.

When the Dr. resumed his seat, the Mayor arose and delivered himself of an insolent harangue. "He had come expecting to meet the citizens of the borough, instead of that he found the faculty and students of the college of New Jersey." As though the faculty and many of the students were not citizens, and had no interest in discussing a question of the most vital importance to themselves! "He hadn't intended to say anything—oh, no!—but the worthy professor seemed to call for an answer and so he had arisen." He forgot to give the answer, however; but wandered off and lost himself in a dreary maze of platitudes about the moral obligation the college was under to bear its part of the burden in lighting the streets, (there was sarcasm latent here, no doubt,) and providing a police force. (Humph!) Though he "hadn't intended to say anything," he said he had been directed by the common council to present to the meeting an amendment, which he read. When the Mayor sat down Mr. Wooten of the Senior Class arose and "went for" him emphatically. His speech was clean-cut and to the point. Messrs. Woodward and Kargé of the students also spoke. The speech of the former was unworthy of the occasion. Two "citizens"—the only ones in fact of the "many citizens" who deigned to show themselves—also made short speeches.

When the last one had resumed his seat Dr. Schanck moved, that it be adopted as the sense of that assembly, that the amendment prayed for by the friends of the college should be passed by the Legislature. As no one offered to debate this, it was put to immediate vote, and was unanimously carried. And then we adjourned. The meeting was very quiet and orderly. The speakers on both sides were listened to with respectful attention. The vote on the resolution was hailed with jubilant applause.

The amendment was before the Senate committee the following week. Dr. McCosh and other eminent men spoke in its favor. The Mayor attempted to rush through his amendment—which provided that all property in the borough be exempted according to the general law excepting the college and seminary—but ignominiously failed. The college amendment has passed the Senate, and will undoubtedly have passed the lower house and received the Governor's signature, before this is in the hands of our readers.

Whether the college will be obliged to pay the exaction of the borough this year, is yet an undecided question. The matter is before the courts, and

it may be weeks before a decision is obtained. The college is willing to pay a fair amount—a contribution, however, not a tax. And for the future we hope that the community, in which our lines are cast, will never attempt again to bring disgrace upon itself, by a mean endeavor to foist upon the shoulders of *Alma Mater*, whose glory has made the place what it is, the burden of its municipal expenditures. Such a course brings upon it infamy, not fame; and not notoriety but notoriousness!

The following circular, containing information in regard to the competitions to be held at the second annual meeting of the Association, has just been issued by Mr. I. H. Polhemus, chairman of the Executive Committee:

All colleges to which this circular is sent are hereby invited to participate in the second Inter-collegiate Literary contest, under the following conditions:

I. No college shall participate which has not before October 1st, 1875, officially announced to the Chairman of the Executive Committee its intention of entering in said contest.

II. No college shall participate which has not, before October 1st, 1875, paid in to the chairman of the said committee the sum of Fifty Dollars.

III. All essays and names of competitors in each branch must be sent to the chairman of said committee on or before October 1st, 1875.

Contest in oratory to be held in the Academy of Music, New York city, January 4th, 1876. Examinations to be held in New York on the two days previous to Thanksgiving Day.

A circular will be sent in the Autumn informing the colleges to how many representatives they are entitled: and the exact time and place of holding the examinations.

COMPETITIVE ESSAYS.

I. The Advantages and Disadvantages of Universal Suffrage.

II. Dickens and Thackeray compared.

1. Each essay must bear a cipher or feigned name, which must be also endorsed on a sealed letter accompanying the essay. This letter must also bear the name of the college from which the essay proceeds.

2. By the rules of the Association, "Each College shall select at its discretion, three representatives; if, however, the number of colleges competing shall exceed eight, each shall be restricted to two representatives."

Should any college send three essays, it will be necessary to designate which of these shall be left out of the competition, in case it shall be found that more than eight colleges are competing.

3. The length of each essay is strictly limited to 6,000 words; this being equivalent to about six pages of *Harper's Magazine*.

4. The Association shall be entitled to a manuscript copy of each prize essay, but the essay shall be at the author's disposal should he wish to print it. The judges on essays are, Thos. Wentworth Higginson, James T. Fields and Richard Grant White.

The mathematical examinations will be upon Analytical Geometry before Admiral C. H. Davis, U. S. N., Prof. Simon Newcomb, and Col. P. S. Michie, judges. The examination in Greek will be upon the following subjects:

I. SOPHOCLES' *ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS*.

Besides accuracy, facility, and elegance of translation, examinations will include 1. Etymology. 2. History. 3. Antiquities. 4. The Drama, its theatre, constitutions and metres.

II. Exercises in Greek composition.

III. Translating from some easy but unfamiliar book *ad aperturam libri*.

Examiners: T. W. Chambers, C. P. Lewis, and Wm. R. Dimmock.

The following prizes are offered in the departments named: a prize of \$200 is offered by the Association for the best essay on each of the given subjects. Honorary mention will also be made in each case of the second best essay. The Association offers \$300 as a first prize, and \$200 as a second prize in both Greek and Mathematics. The Association offers \$200 as a first prize, and \$150 as a second prize in oratory. For further information apply to Mr. L. Kargé, President of the Association, or to Mr. D. B. Jones of the Executive Committee.

We are indebted to Mr. Vinton for the following:

THE FIRST ATLAS EVER PUBLISHED.—*Theatrum orbis terrarum Abrahami Ortelii antverp. geographi regii. Antverpiæ, extat in officina plantiniana, M. D. C. XII.*

Such is the title of a stately folio in the college library, derived from the Trendelenberg collection. It stands eighteen inches high, by twelve inches wide; as far as appears, in its original calf binding, now well worn, and without any appearance of clasps. It is printed on thick and firm paper, with good type, black ink, many handsome initial letters, and elegant engravings. It issued from the famous press of the Plantin family of Antwerp, renowned forty years before, for the noble typography which proceeded from it; especially for the polyglott Bible of Arias Montanus, patronized by Philip II. of Spain. It is an improved edition of the first Atlas ever published.

Abraham Ortelius, or Ertel, born at Antwerp, 1527, a man of wealth and learning, devoted himself through a long life, to the improvement of geographical science. His labors won for him the title of royal geographer, and the compliment "Ptolemy of his age." Before his time, the scholars of every country had elaborated maps of their own regions. Ortelius collected their labors into one volume, and published in 1570, the first edition of this book, containing fifty-three maps. Our volume contains 167 separate delineations, with 40 more in an appendix. These are the work of 182 cartographers, whose names are honorably acknowledged at the outset. Ortelius died in 1598, with the highest reputation for learning, disinterestedness and amiability. Between him and Mercator, twenty years his senior, the only contest was which should do more honor to the other. Together they redeemed

geography from the gross errors it had inherited from antiquity ; though Mercator's name has survived in popular books, while Certeel is not much known. Till their period, geographers had copied with blind reverence, the errors of Ptolemy ; who, relying mainly on the distances from Rome marked in the itineraries, had represented the distant parts of the earth too vast and out of place. He had also misconceived the form and direction of important seas and even countries ; representing Scotland as having its principal dimension east and west, and seeming to overhang the North Sea. Ceylon in Ptolemy's map is as large as all India, which indeed is not a peninsula at all ; and the Persian Gulf stretches from east to west, much larger than the Black Sea.

But, while these and other errors of the ancients have been corrected, it is the chief interest and value of this book, to show how many others were perpetuated ; and in what an imperfect, nay chaotic state was geographical science, two hundred and sixty years ago. Ignorance is frankly confessed respecting many regions, by the entire absence of rivers, lakes and cities. Butler, in his *Hudibras*, comically says,

" Geographers on empty downs
Place elephants for want of towns."

This is no invention of the satirist ; for the map of Abyssinia, or the country of Prester John, in this very book, has elephants, in two parts of it, to fill the space. Yet the late English expedition against king Theodorus, found no elephants there ; but had to ship them from Bombay, to carry their artillery across the mountains.

Many a reader of Milton remembers his allusion to

"— the plains of Sericana,
Where Chineses drive their cany waggons light."

Milton, I have no doubt, had seen this atlas ; for on the map of China, to fill unoccupied room, several gay carriages are introduced, furnished with bellying sails, and going before the wind over the steppes of Tartary.

Parts of the same country being often delineated by different authors, wholly inconsistent representations are made of the same feature. The Dead Sea, for instance, on one map of Palestine is depicted as broad, almost as it is long ; while in the successive one, it is figured as a long and elegant crescent. It must be acknowledged, however, that the cartography of this book is vastly superior to that of geographical works which appeared just before its first edition. Ramusio published his collection of *Navigazioni e Viaggi*, in 1563-65 ; and nothing can exceed the rudeness and coarseness of some delineations there to be seen. They are, in fact, no better than a savage would draw in the sand. But even in the book before us, which saw the light in 1612, the map of the world differs in an astounding degree, from what we know the earth to be. The chief island of Japan stretches east and west, a vast distance into the Pacific. At the left hand of the map, and close to the equator, lies New Guinea, as indeed it should. But its eastern side

descends almost to the bottom of the map, doing duty instead of Australia ; then advancing eastwardly, below Cape Horn, it appears as Terra del Fuego, and further yet as an unexplored continent of polar ice. These are plain confessions of the grossest ignorance. Yet they might be passed by, in so remote a region, as comparatively unimportant. But it is impossible to pass so lightly over the misrepresentations of America. Fabulous islands, having no existence out of the romances of the middle ages, "the Isle of St. Brendan," and "the Isle of the Seven Cities," form stepping stones across the Atlantic. South America, strange to say, is tolerably well shaped, though far from the elegance of the real continent. But North America is barely recognizable. The Spanish portion of it is not far wrong ; but as soon as we reach the territory of the present United States, the continent spreads both ways to an enormous breadth, and all correct drawing disappears. Lower California slopes away far to the east, as if aiming to reach the isthmus of Panama. On the eastern side, a vast river, flowing south, and meeting the sea not far from Florida, pierces the land in a straight line till near the region we inhabit. At right angles to it, and just north of its source, a like shapeless intruder seems to rise beyond the region of Iowa. But the real Mississippi and Missouri nowhere appear. The vast hollow of our coast, beginning east from New York, and ending at the capes of Florida is poorly represented. The great rivers and estuaries which vary its line, Chesapeake and Delaware bays, the Potomac, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Hudson rivers, are sought in vain. The whole of New England—where is it ?

Now, it is to be observed that when this book of ours, so grand in dimensions, so pretentious in its ornaments, resting on the great reputations of Certe, its author, and of Moretus, its editor, was printed at Antwerp, the Pilgrims who founded Plymouth in Massachusetts, had been settled in Holland four years. Dissatisfied, after a time, with the Low Countries, and disposed to remove to America, they naturally sought information about it. They resorted, no doubt, with confidence to the magnificent repository of geographic science which Plantin had just issued anew at Antwerp. They relied, therefore, on information wholly false. The features of the continent as represented, had no existence. Instead of them, they were to find shores and waters wholly new, for which they could not be prepared. Nothing, more strikingly than this, illustrates the cheerless character of their adventurous expedition. Like Abraham, "they went out, not knowing whither they went." William Bradford, their leader, was a man of intelligence. As private secretary to William Davison, one of queen Elizabeth's secretaries of state, he had known books and men. Yet he was leading out his little flock of exiles, not only into "a land which he knew not," but which the best science of Europe did not know. The frontispiece of this volume, under allegorical figures, represents the four continents of the world. At the bottom sits America, a naked figure ; representing, that the enterprise of navi-

gators had removed all concealment, and made that continent fully known. She holds a human head in her left hand; and mementos of cannibal feasts are scattered around.

Such were the terrors which geography portrayed to deter the new Argonauts from their quest. But the stormy sea and inhospitable shore were dreaded less than intolerance at home, or profane living abroad.

REFECTORY.—We hear that we are to have a refectory next year. For the sake of those who remain and are yet to come, we are glad of it. We cannot but think that almost any change would be an improvement on the present management of the commissary. Princeton club-fare has not by any means a national reputation for excellence. We are sure that it was never an inducement to any to come to this college. It is not our object in coming here to pamper our appetites. No; but, martyrdom to starvation is the most unsatisfactory of martyrdoms; and a collegian's ambition does not run in that line.

Besides, it is not the most consolatory reflection to know that others are growing fat off our leanness. It is a notorious fact that sharpers and small speculators often get the management of clubs, and it is perfectly consistent with their views of honesty to pocket a snug bonus. We by no means prefer this charge against club keepers as a class, we have in view only violent cases: but still though the gentleman in charge be perfectly honest, he is apt to be fleeced by an impecunious landlady or outwitted by the three-cent store-keeper referred to in the last LIT. From these and other causes it rarely happens that we get the worth of our money.

The advantages of a refectory are obvious. Instead of providing subsistence to two or three dozen families in town, as many gentlemen in college, and to an unnumbered train of waiters, it would support none but those immediately connected with it, either as manager or as servants. Provisions bought at wholesale could be procured much more cheaply than at present. Aside from this, it would be a capital move against those who have arrayed themselves in opposition to our interests. Our grocers might as well close out if the clubs go out of existence. Meanwhile be active, O worthy skin-flints, for your long and abundant harvest is about to come to an end.

Contrary to expectation, it appears that we are to have this year the usual Senior contest in gymnastics.

A gentleman of the class of '73, who has largely identified himself with athletic interests, and who has heretofore given substantial evidence of his zeal for them, has once more made us his debtors by providing suitable medals for the proposed contest. Whatever other expenses may be incurred are to be provided for by admission fees, and if there be any surplus it is to be devoted to some one of our athletic organizations.

Although the time left for special training is short, yet as several of the gentlemen entering are proficient gymnasts, the contest will doubtless equal those of former years.

BOATING.—A meeting was held March 18th for the purpose of hearing the report of the treasurer, and the committee appointed on class regattas. The report of the treasurer showed that the association is in a gratifying financial condition.

The committee appointed to consider the feasibility of class regattas reported favorably thereto. They recommended New Brunswick as the place, and the second week in May as the time, for them to take place. Their report provided also for a single scull race at the same time and place.

The report was accepted and a committee of arrangements was appointed, consisting of the following gentlemen:—C. Scribner, '75, C. W. Riker, '76, J. A. Campbell, '77, Townsend, '78.

Messrs. Drayton '73 and R. Hall '75 were elected to represent the association at the annual Inter-Collegiate Boating Association to be held April 7th, at Springfield. The crews of the several classes are in daily training, and the swelling biceps has become so common as no longer to be phenomenal. The Junior crew are particularly to be commended for the constancy and fidelity with which they work. Only the *fittest* of the university crew survive the rigorous training through which they are put; several not caring to go through it have dropped out from the number contesting for appointments. Those remaining spend an hour and a half daily at the moving weights, bars and calisthenics.

THE UNIVERSITY BASE BALL NINE. — Our constantly increasing interest in boating should not make us indifferent as to our success in that other branch of athletics in which we have so long excelled. There is great danger lest in multiplying our games of strength and skill we should excel in none, but only attain to mediocrity in all. It is certainly gratifying to those who are jealous of our reputation for ball playing, that most of the members of the nine have been faithful in their attendance at the Gymnasium during the Winter, and show corresponding improvement in their muscular development.

But it is to be remembered that success in base ball depends not so much on individual as upon general excellence. A nine may be very strong in one or two points, and yet very weak throughout. We shall have to exercise great care lest our nine be deficient in this respect. The defect, if it exist, can be corrected only by continual practice. Last year we had as good material as ever we can have, and yet we all know that it was not organized into a successful nine. The reason was that we had but few games. It was late before the nine took the field, and then it had but little opportunity to develop its strength.

We hope this year the directors will make provision for as many games as possible. Yale has already arranged for games in April and with none but professional nines. We shall have to work if we want to fly the pennon next year.

The students have their duty to do in the matter. They should give their hearty support, by patronizing as largely as possible all games that may be played. It is very desirable that if the directors be in any financial difficulty, the college come promptly to their relief.

CLIO HALL PRIZE CONTESTS.—Junior debate; J. M. Barkley, N. C., carried off the first prize, and C. W. Riker, N. J., the second.

Senior essay; W. H. Underwood, N. Y., received the first, and A. P. Garabrant, the second.

Sophomore essay; J. F. Williamson, Ohio, the first, and A. E. Rowell, D. C., the second, with honorable mention of F. Campbell, N. Y.

HERALD COMMITTEE.—Who *is* the chairman of the Herald committee? That is the question just now agitating all sensible folk—or, if it does not, it ought to. We believe there is none. The following will explain our reasons. Through the kindness of the committee, our reporter was recently allowed to be present at one of their meetings—the first and only one in fact. The question of organization was the first to come up. Mr. Hector was called to the chair, and stated that it would be in order first to elect a permanent chairman. On motion of Mr. Smike it was decided that the voting be by ballot. The chair then said that nominations were in order. Mr. Smike nominated Mr. J., Mr. Pap suggested the name of Mr. R. and with his usual felicity of expression urged this gentleman's fitness. Mr. Smike moved that nominations close. Carried, after the nomination of Mr. M. by the chair. The chair appointed Mr. Smike teller, and the assembly proceeded to ballot. The scene was now one of the wildest confusion. Messrs. Smike and Pap were both on their feet urging in the loudest tones the merits of their respective nominees. It was with difficulty the chair succeeded in maintaining even a semblance to order. At length the voting over, the teller retired to count the votes. Mr. Pap recommended that he be watched—muttering some indistinct words about ballot-box stuffing. But the chair, scorning such a suspicion, called him to order. "No such insinuations should be suffered concerning a member while he was in the chair." The assembly then lapsed into profound silence. "You might have heard a pin drop." Now and then a gleam or a shadow was seen to flit across the faces of the candidates, as they caught the faint rustle of votes in the adjoining room. At length the teller entered the room amid subdued cheers. His report was as follows: "Whole number of votes cast 3; of which Mr. R. received one, Mr. J., one, and Mr. M., one—the rest scattering." The confusion that followed beggared description. When partial silence was restored, Mr. Pap arose and moved that the names of candidates receiving the lowest number of votes be stricken from the list, and that they proceed to ballot again. He urged this with a profundity of argument and a wealth of imagery and illustration characteristic of his peculiar style. He was frequently interrupted by applause. A third of the assembly at least was with

him. When he resumed his seat, Mr. Smike gained the floor with that dignified repose which sits so lightly on him. His speech was a most adroit effort. He gained the sympathy of the audience by his luminous periods before they saw to what he was tending. At length they were thunder-struck at the proposition he advanced. He insisted that Mr. J. was elected by a plurality vote, inasmuch as his vote was the *largest*, which he proceeded to prove by exhibiting the ballots to the house. By this time the friends of the other candidates had recovered from their temporary stupefaction, and drowned the speaker's voice by a terrible howl mingled with cries of "fraud, bribery," &c. The chair strove in vain to stem the current of confusion, and as a last resort prorogued the assembly. When our reporter left indiscriminate excitement yet prevailed.

With profound thankfulness we notice the fact that we are nearing the close of a long and unusually monotonous term. The events of the term have been so few, so widely separated in time and consequently so exaggerated in importance that to record them is at once a pleasant and important duty. First, (chronologically) we rank the coming of an occasional minstrel troupe which, with a condescension that was touching and a generosity that was affecting, consented to abide with us a while, cheering but not inebriating us, lighting at once our cares and our pockets. To these bright visitors we offer this tribute of our grateful remembrance; and though they would remain but "positively one night only," yet we forgive them when we reflect that their reception justified the lofty wisdom of their decision.

The unfolding plot of destiny next reveals to our wondering and entranced gaze, the lofty mien, the commanding form, the imposing presence of ye dread sovereign, Mayor of ye ancient Borough. Feeble and inadequate are any words of ours to eulogize a character so far removed from mortal appreciation. An epic fulness could not do justice to the crowding events in which he was the central figure. Suffice it to say, never were the evidences of design so distinctly traceable as in the calling of this great man to his lofty position; never, not even in the case of the historic fly upon the historic axle, was the eternal "fitness of things" better exemplified. Grand old man, your name shall ever be fragrantly associated with the placid grandeur and graceful proportions of our Princeton Coliseum. (*Eximus, weeping.*)

All that has gone before sinks into insignificance before the scene which now opens before us. The stately pomp and solemn pageant fill our streets. Brave men, tender youth and radiant virgins, manhood, innocence and beauty measure their stately pace to the strains of martial music. The bold sons of Nassau stand mute and abashed before this dazzling throng. Most bright things must fade, and so this airy band has moved in and out, but the name of him whom it sought to honor is still as fresh in our memories as the grass of his own Emerald Isle.

Let us dedicate these chronicles to the noble trio, Minstrels, Mayor and St. Pat.

We always took "Joe" to be a genius, but nevertheless the fearful suspicion *would* cross our minds that in coming to college, he had, in some way missed his calling. How utterly groundless were our fears. "Joe" has himself shown. He has come to his own. He has engaged in a noble work. Witness ye who have seen the pensive "Pop" awake from his dreams of conquest and of—possession, to enhance his charms and renew his youth under the discipline of the hygienic "Joe." Witness ye who have seen the perverse John unfolding his coils and walking henceforth in a bee-line; or the fragile "Garry," the *alter ego* of his great benefactor, moving in *shadowy* grace over field and through forest, from Junction to Jigtown, adorning his life by a consistent walk.

Arm us with scissors and let us go clipping among our exchanges; for the funny man of the college has announced his intention of ceasing "to be witty." O! Wellington thou art too unkind.

We have no less an authority than the grand Sachem of the Pagodas for announcing, that "Mr. Notman will deliver pictures on the 15th of May. Those who have ordered pictures are requested to hold themselves in pecuniary readiness for that event."

For impudent cheek we have never seen anything quite equal to the following. Burke, or somebody or other, it will be remembered, was in town a few weeks ago, and placed Rip Van Winkle on the boards at Cook's Hall. This is the way he speaks of his visit here, on his recent show-bills: "At Princeton, N. J., Feb. 10th, the hall was graced by Dr. McCosh and all the theological professors, who pronounced the play the most instructive, humorous, and healthful amusement that had visited Princeton within their recollection." It would not be right to call Mr.—what's his name—Burke a liar we suppose; and so we refrain. It is enough to say, that his account is devoid of the remotest antecedent of veracity, and that the author is consequently an unprincipled prevaricator.

It was Roman History. A Sophomore was asked who Caesar was. He stumbled and stammered and at length gave it up. As he sat down discomfited, he was heard to remark to his neighbor, that he "didn't believe in Ciesarism, anyway!"

Mr. X. (we shall call him) was before the faculty for shooting on the campus. Having informed the court that the offense was committed with a seven-shooter, and that he fired twice, he was completely non-plussed by being asked "how he could shoot only twice with a seven-shooter?" How, to be sure?

At the concert.—Ah "Pop" we envied thy exuberant felicity. Thou wast the "observed of all observers." We remembered the gushing days of boyhood as we beheld thy rapture, and turned away with a sigh!

International Law.—Dr. A. "What do you understand by the jural capacity of a man?"

Mr. A. (promptly) "Capacity to serve on a jury, sir!" (Profound sensation.)

Heart-breaking Hector has been at work; but as he has promised to reform we shall not expose him. We only caution all tender swains against leaving *billets-doux* in college library books. Revelations "fit to beat the Dutch" are apt to be made.

"Bodine's Daily for Princeton and Trenton," is the familiar sign on an old wagon that haunts our streets. One of the Sophomores innocently asked, if "Bodines were anything like sardines?"

The Philadelphia *Press* made a funny mistake in its report of the meeting at Cook's Hall. It styled our students who spoke, *professors*. Think of it, the "judge," professor!

We hear of a Junior of a surprisingly enterprising turn of mind. He has a basket of apples in his room. "Three for five cents!" We protest in the name of the apple-boys of the campus against such unhallowed entrance of the urchins' domains.

"Zack" enters a fashionable tonsorial establishment in New York, seats himself among the cushions, and with serene dignity calls for a shave—"a good clean shave." "Oh certainly, sah! Quite easy, sah! Maiden shave, Eh?" All the leeches in the establishment have been exhausted; but one of the peepers of that capillary manipulator is still closed.

Prof. S. "What is Iron pyrites sometimes called?"

Mr. K. (confidently) "Poor man's Gold." Poor man and fool are perhaps interchangeable in his vocabulary.

Scene, street. Pavements slippery. Lady approaching. S—w advancing. They draw near. They confront. S—w falls upon his knees. Confusion and rapture. A little cry. She passes hastily. S—w, disconsolate, arises. Small boys laugh!

That was a *fowl* joke of a well-known Jake, who seeing a venerable chanicleer afflicted with something like string-halt, exclaimed:

"There's spring chicken!"

Mr. C. was reciting in Greek Testament: all at once his translation, which was singularly in harmony with the version of St. James, was several verses behind the Greek which he was "construing." Prof. C. blandly suggested to him "that he should be careful to keep his Greek and English consistent with each other." Grins were in order.

We have the authority of a prominent Senior, as expressed in a recent recitation, that the "Scientifics have no Revelation!" Poor boys! They must "dévelope on their own hook," we suppose.

We heard a Freshman the other day at the bookstore, call for "foolscap paper, with a border, you know!"

EXCHANGES.

We have received since our last issue the following exchanges :

Harvard Advocate, Williams Athenæum, Archangel, Acta Columbiana, High School Budget, Collegian New York, Roanoke Collegian, Yale Courant, Dartmouth, Cornell Era, Forest and Stream, University Herald, Hamilton Lit., Yale Lit., Lafayette Monthly, College Mercury, Normal Monthly, Bowdoin Orient, Alumnae Quarterly, Yale Record, Cornell Review, College Sibyl, College Spectator, Scribner's, Trinity Tablet, The Targum, Tripod, Volante.

The *Lafayette Monthly* must be hard up indeed for something to take the place, and appropriate the outward semblance of poetry, to accept of such insults to the muses as (dis)grace its pages for March. The effusions of our waste-basket are at its service if it will say the word. Think of twelve stanzas of such stuff as this :

" In passing through this world of woe,
Meeting with men both high and low,
Some good to do we may ever find,
In speaking words of sympathy kind."

And only six pages beyond, there is another outpouring as long, and just as full of inspiration—perhaps more so. All its thought is stolen from one of Bryant's beautiful poems, while its rhythm is a "servile imitation" of a broken down teeter.

The editorial department of the *Athenæum* is conducted with marked ability, but aside from that, there is absolutely nothing in its columns worthy to represent the literary culture of so excellent an institution as Williams college. The prose contributions of the present number are worse than worthless. The longest one (the conclusion of which we are promised in the next issue) might possibly serve to adorn the outside of some Western cross road publication, but by what chance it found lodgement in a college periodical is to us, an inscrutable mystery.

The most characteristic feature of the *Packer Quarterly* is its charming disregard of orderly arrangement. The story "both sweet and sad" is sadly marred by its proximity to the reckless "scintillations" which we found to be painfully funny. Beggars, infants, neighbors and inkstands are severally cussed and discussed with appropriate fervor and fulness.

Cornell and Amherst are working hard to be represented in the B. B. arena this year. They have our best wishes in their efforts to organize nines that shall prove worthy opponents to those already in the field. "The more the merrier."

The *Oberlin Review* makes an announcement. It is "considerably enlarged and improved in appearance." Yes, we should think so! A left-handed sort of improvement, though. The pages run this way: 5, 2, 3, 1, 6, 7, 12, 10, 11, 8, 9. Verdict; "Drunk or crazy."